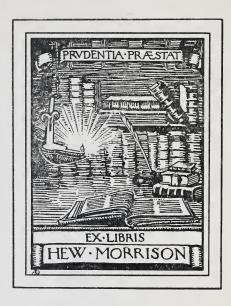


Japan Jr. 225







THE

# SONGS OF THE GAEL:

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

PART II -- PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire, How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire; On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God; Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

#### EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, AND W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

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# THE SONGS OF THE GAEL.

LOVE SONGS

#### Contents of Part I.

Horo, mo nighean donn bhoidheach - Horo, my brown-haired maiden.

Banarach donn a chruidh-Bonnie brown dairymaid. Mo Mhali bheag òg-My dear little May.

Mo chailin dileas donn-My faithful brown-haired maid.

Cumha Uisdein Mhicaoidh -- Lament for Hugh Mackay. Cumha Iain Ghairbh Rarsaidh—A Raasay Lament. Leabaidh Ghuill-The Bed of Gaul.

Laoidh do'n Ghrein-Ossian's Hymn to the Sun.

Brosnachadh-catha—Ancient war-song.

H-ugaibh, h-ugaibh, bo, bo, bo !-At you, at you !

Tuireadh an t-suiriche—The wooer's wail.

Och, och ! mar tha mi-Och, och ! how dreary.

Morag-Jacobite Song.

Cailleach beinn-a-bhric-The spectre hag. Oran an nachdarain-Song to the chief.

Sgiobaireachd—Skipper's song.

#### THE SACRED SONGS OF THE GAEL.

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An Dachaidh Bhuan-The lasting hame (harmonised) by Rev. P. Grant. An saoghal—The world.

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Rev. P. Grant. Laoidh Molaidh-A hymn of praise, by Rev. P.

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An aiseirigh—The resurrection (harmonised) Dugald Buchanan.

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Morachd Dhè-The greatness of God, by Dugald Buchanan.

Cuireadh Chriosd-Christ's invitation, by Rev. Dr MacGregor.

Turus na beatha-Life's pilgrims (harmonised) by John MacLean.

Am Bàs-Death, by Rob (Donn) Mackay.

#### 17-COIRE-CHEATHAICH-THE MISTY DELL.









Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhiolair uaine, Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th'anns an fhonn; Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh-chlach, 'S an grinneal gainmhich gu meanbh-gheal pronn;

'Na ghlugan plumbach air ghoil gun aou-teas, Ach coileach bùirn tigh'nn a grunnd eas lòm, Gach sruthan ùiseal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm, A ruith 'na spùta 's 'na lùba steall.

'S a mhaduinn chiùin-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh. Aig bun na stuice b'e 'n sugradh leam: A chearc le sgiucan a gabhail tùchain, 'S an coileach cùirteil a dùrdail cròm: An dreathan sùrdail 's a ribheid chiùil aig A cur nan smùid dheth gu lùghor binn;

An druid 's am brù-dhearg le moran ùinich. Ri ceileir sunntach bu shiubhlach rann.

The watercresses surround each fountain With gloomy eyebrows of darkest green; And groves of sorrel ascend the mountain, Where loose white sand lies all soft and clean; Thence bubbles boiling, yet coldly coiling. The new-born stream from the darksome deep: Clear, blue, and curling, and swiftly swirling,

How sweet when dawn is around me gleaming. Beneath the rock to recline, and hear The joyous moor-hen so hoarsely screaming, And gallant moorcock soft-croodling near! The wren is bustling, and briskly whistling, With mellow music a ceaseless strain; The thrush is singing, the redbreast ringing Its cheery notes in the glad refrain.

It bends and bounds in its headlong leap.

### 18-MAIRI BHAN OG-FAIR YOUNG MARY.









Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg mhnaoi shomalt' A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,

Gu mìleant, còmhnard, seocail, foinnidh, Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor:

Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir a'd' chomain

A' bhòid 's a chuir thu gu faoin

Do m' smaointean gòrach pròis nam boireannach, 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choill' an robh croinn is gallain, Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt.

'S bha miann mo shùl do dh' fhiuran barraicht An dlùthas nam meanganan suas;

Geng fo bhlàth o bàrr gu talamh, A lub mi farasda nuas,

Bu duilich do chàch gu bràch a gearradh

'S e'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

My love to my bride, with dear caresses And pride, shall ever be shown:

Each virtue most rare her soul possesses, And fair and sweet has she grown.

My thoughts used to rove in bovish folly. Ere ever her love I had known:

But, now I 'm her own, my heart is wholly My darling's alone-alone.

Where woodlands are green with trees well A scene of beauty to view, Inourished.

I found, with delight, one stem that flourished.

Of bright and beautiful hue:

That bough from above, desiring greatly, With love unto me I drew;

None else could have moved that tree so stately. 'Twas only for me that it grew.

A song to his newly wedded spouse, by D. (Ban) M'INTYRE; translation by L. MACBEAN. Other forms of this fine air will be found in Sacred Songs of the Gael, The Thistle, and Capt. FRASER'S Collection.

#### 19-CHA TILL E TUILLE-LAMENT FOR MACCRIMMON









Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd, Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach, Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh geugan dubhach, A caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhairge fa dheòidh lan bròin is mulaid, Tha'm bàta fo sheol, ach dhiult i siubhal; Tha gàirich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach, Ag radh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheol 's an Dun mu fheasgar, 'S mac-talla nam mur le mùirn 'ga fhreagairt, Gach fheasgach is òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh, On thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

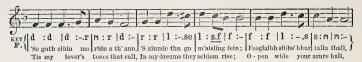
The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing, The boat under sail unmoved is lying; The voice of the waves in sadness dying, Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning, Nor in peace nor in war is he returning; Till dawns the great day of woe and burning, For him, for him there's no returning.

Composed on the departure of DONALD MACCRIMNON, piper to the Laird of MacLeod, in 1745. He never returned. The verses were composed by his sister; translation by L. MacBean. This beautiful set of the melody appears, with harmony and accompaniment, in *The Thistle*.

#### 20-OISEAN IS MALMHINE-OSSIAN AND MALVINA.







Bu chrann aillidh mi, threin nan seod, Oscair chorr, le geugaibh cibhr; Thainig bàs mar ghaoth nan torr; Thuit fo sgeith mo cheann fo smìr. Thainig earrach caoin fo bhraon, Cha d'eirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh fein; Chunnaic oigh mi fo shamhchair thall, Bhuail iad clarsaiche mall nan teud.

#### OISEAN:

Caoin am fonn 'na mo chluais fein, Nighean Lotha, nan sruth fiar, 'N cual thu guth nach 'eil beo 's a bheinn An aisling, ann do chodal ciar? Nuair thuit clos air do shuilibh mall Air bruachan Morshruth nan toirm beur', Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan càrn, An latha ciùin, ard ghrian 's an speur.

Chuala tu 'n sin bàrda nam fonn,
'S taitneach ach is trom do gluth;
'S taitneach, Mhalmhine nan sonn,
Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam dubh.
Tha aoibhneas ann am bron le sith
Nuair shuidhicheas àrd strì a bhròin;
Caithidh cumha tursaich gun bhrìgh
Gann an lài' an tir nan seòd.

I was once a stately tree,
My fair boughs were Oscar's pride,
But his death soon blighted me,
And my blossoms drooped and died,
Spring returned with flower and leaf,
But no leaf on me was found;
Virgins saw my silent grief,
Struck the harp of softest sound.

#### OSSIAN:

Sweet the music in my ears,
Maid from Lotha's winding streams,
Has the voice of other years
Sounded fondly in thy dreams?
When, descending from the chase,
Thou by Moru's bauks didst lie,
Clasped in slumber's soft embrace,
'Neath the calm and sultry sky—

Melodies all faint and low,
O Malvina, round thee stole;
Sweet but sad thy tones, and oh!
Sorrow melts the weary soul.
There is joy in peaceful woe
When subsideth sorrow's strife;
Idle tears should cease to flow,
Grief consumes the mourner's life.

Lines selected from the introduction to Ossian's poem of "Croma," and translation by L. MacBean. This beautiful Ossianic air is preserved in Capt. France's collection.

#### 21-AM BUAIREADH-THE TEMPTATION.







Ni do mhala dhonn (Crom mar bhogha-saigheid) Guin a chur am chom Ceart cho trom ri claidheamh. Tha do bhilean blath Tàladh a chum meallaidh: Dhuraiginn-ach, á! Cum iad as mo shealladh.

Fuirich, fuirich thall, Mu'n tog clann dhe t'anail; Iomairt ann am cheann Bheir fo gheall mi baileach. Cuiridh tu le d' bhoidhch', Mionnan mor as m' aire; Mur a fan thu fòil

Gòisnichidh tu manach.

Lest thy bending brows Pierce my soul, and slav more Quickly than bent bows Or a shining claymore; Lest thy warm lips draw My heart to sweets forbidden ;-I could wish-but, ah!

Keep, oh, keep them hidden.

Keep thy breath away, Its fragrance round me stealing Sends my thoughts astray, And sets my brain a reeling. I am so beset With thy witching beauty, That I may forget Vows and sacred duty.

#### 22-EALAIDH GHAOIL-A MELODY OF LOVE.



Gur gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh gu traigh,
Na'm blath bhainne buaile,
'S a chnach leis fo bharr,
No sneachd nan gleann dosrach
'G a fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.

Mar na neoil bhuidhe lubas
Air stuchdaibh nan sliabh,
Tha cas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh;
Tha gruaidh mar an ros
Nuair a's boidhche bhios fhiamh
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoinean A comhdach nam bruach. Bi'dh gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill' A ceol leis a chuaich; 'S bi'dh mise gu h-eibhinn A leumnaich 's a ruaig, Fo dhluth-gheugaibh sgaileach,

A manran ri m' luaidh.

Not the swan on the lake, Or the foam on the shore, Can compare with the charms Of the maid I adore; Not so white is the new milk That flows o'er the pail, Or the snow that is shower'd From the brow of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow,
So the locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow;
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.

When summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
And the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft in their bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love,

The first verse of the Gaelic words is the composition of Mrs MacKenzie of Balone. The rest, Gaelic and English, is by Ewen MacLachlan.

#### 23—FEAR A BHATA—THE BOATMAN.

Slowly and tenderly





(r): r,m | f :s.f: n.r | f :s.,(s): 1 d' | r': d'.1: 1,s.n | r:r. - |
An tig thu'n dingh no an tig thm | maireach? Smurtigthuli - dir gur truagha | ta m!
When shall I see thee? to-day? to - morrow? Oh! do not leave me in lone-ly sorrow.

Fhir a bhà - ta, na ho-ro ei - le, Gu ma shan duit's gach ait' an teid thu!

O, my boatman, na ho-ro ai - la, Happy be thou where'er thou sallest!

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite;
'S tric na deoir a ruith o m' shùilean;
An tig thu nochd, no 'm bi mo dhùil riut?
No 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thursaich?

'S tric mi foighneachd de luchd nam bàta, Am fac iad thu, no 'm bheil thu sàbhailt: Ach 's ann a tha gach aon diubh 'g ràite, Gur gòrach mi, ma thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sioda, Gheall e siod agus breacan rìomhach; Fainn' òir anns am faicinn ìomhaigh; Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dì-chuimhn'.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom, Cha do lughadaich siod mo ghaol ort; Bi'dh tu 'm aisling anns an ŏidhche, Is anns a mhaduinn bi'dh mi 'g ad fhoighneachd.

Thug mi gaol duit 's cha 'n fhaod mi àicheadh; Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe; Ach gaol a thòisich nuair bha mi 'm phàisde, 'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi,

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh, Gu'm feum mi t'aogas a chur air dì-chuimhn'; Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diomhain, 'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach, Mar eala bhàn 's i an déigh a reubadh; Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach, Is cach uile an deigh a tréigsinn. Broken-hearted I droop and languish, And frequent tears show my bosom's anguish; Shall I expect thee to-night to cheer me? Or close the door, sighing sad and weary?

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover If they have heard of, or seen my lover; They never tell me—I'm only chided, And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady A silken gown and a tartan plaidie, A ring of gold which would show his semblance, But, ah! I fear me for his remembrance.

That thou'rt a rover my friends have told me, But not the less to my heart I hold thee; And every night in my dreams I see thee, And still at dawn will the vision flee me.

I may not hide it—my heart's devotion Is not a season's brief emotion; Thy love in childhood began to seize me, And ne'er shall fade until death release me,

My friends oft tell me that I must sever All thought of thee from my heart for ever; Their words are idle—my passion's swelling, Untamed as ocean, can brook no quelling.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing, Like wounded swan when her strength is failing, Her notes of anguish the lake awaken, By all her comrades at last forsaken.

#### 24-AN GAOL TAIRIS-THE FAITHFUL LOVE.





'S nuair dh' fhair'inn-sa mulad no beud Ghrad thigeadh o'd bheul dhomh fòir, Oir dh' iompaicheadh d'fhailte gun phleid Gach duibhre gu leus thra-nòin.

'S tric aighear 'ns subhachas daond' A tionndaidh gu aoigh a bhròin, Mar thuirlingeas duilleach nan craobh A's t-fhoghar, 's an raon fo cheò.

Ge minic a dh'fhiosraich sinn daor A mhalairt so, ghaoil, fo leòn, Gur h-eòl dhuinn le cheil' air gach taobh A h-aon nach d'rinn aom o'n nòs.

O! bhuanaich sinn tairis 'nar gaol
Fad bhliadhna bu chaochlach cuairt,
A sealbhachadh aoibhneis a cheil'
'S a measgnadh ar deur 's ar smuairn.

Is caidreamaid dochas gun géill
Na shiubhail d' ar ré do'n chòrr;
Co-phairticheams' acain do chleibh
'Us gabh-s' air m' uil' eibhneis còir.

Had I ever a trouble or grief
But your help and caresses came soon?
Your kindness still brought me relief,
And changed all my darkness to noon.

Earth's rosiest pleasures one sees
Oft turn to the pallor of pain,
As when autumn dismantles the trees,
And makes barren and bleak the plain.

Our joys into griefs thus to run,
My darling, too often we knew;
But each of us still knew of one
That was always found tender and true.

Our love has been constant and bright,
Nor changed with the changeful years,
Each glad in the other's delight,
Aye mixing our troubles and tears.

Then, dear, let us hope the worst part
Of our life is the part that is flown;
Let me share all the woes of your heart,
And make all my gladness your own.

# 25-CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH-MACKINTOSH LAMENT.



Composed by the bride-widow of EVAN or HUGH, Chief of MACKINTOSH, who was killed on his marriage day.

Translation by L. M. Good settings of this melody are given in LOGAN'S Collection, and Professor BROWN'S

"The Thistle."

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!

Marcaich' an eich leumnaich dhuibh!

Gu'n fhios domh 's mi lamh riut!

Reub an t-each ban thu!

Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!

Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!

Eobhain Oig, leag iad thu!

Leumnaich dhuibh! leumnaich dhuibh!

On thy black bounding steed,

Slain by the milk-white steed,

Where it had thrown thee.

Oh, my young darling Hugh,

Dead! oh, my dearest Hugh.

I must bemoan thee!

Riding with eager speed,

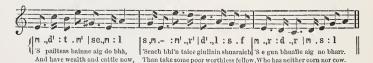
Slain e'er I ever knew;

#### 26-AM FOIRNEADH-THE MOTHER'S EXHORTATION.









Gheibh thu deiseachan is riomhadh, Cha bhi dith ort, theid mi'n rath; 'S fearr duit sin na'n airc, is briodal Iain chrìn a Dail-a-chàis.

Tog dhe d' iomairt feadh an tighe, Cha'n' eil math dhuit a bhi bàth; Glac an gliocas, 's glac an storas Tha cho deonach teachd a'd dhàil.

Iseabail, mur gabh thu 'n tairgse Bi' mi feargach riut gu bràth, Mur a cord thu nochd ri Donull Gabh mu d' chaiseart tòs an la. Greas, gabh comhairle, 's cuir umad, Bidh an duine so gun dàil, Nach biodh aileag ann do mhuineal Nuair a chuireas e ort fàilt. You'll get jewelry and dresses, And you'll never want for cash; Better that than mere caresses From wee John of Dalachash. What's the good of being saucy? Stop your fussing through the house; Take the wealth that offers, lassie, And be thrifty, wise, and crouse.

Della, you will cause me sorrow
If your chances you abuse;
You may leave the house to-morrow
If old Donald you refuse.
Quick and dress, and show your graces;
There, your man is coming, Miss;
Now, don't you be making faces
When he greets you with a kiss.

#### 27-0 THEID SINN-AWAY, AWAY.









Car | tamul beag gun treig sinn ar | gairm 'us gun teid sinn, A | dh' fhaotainn an graidh 'us an còmhraidh. We'll seek our native vales, And we'll hear the Highland tales, That the friends of our childhood are telling.

'Us chi sinn an caol, air 'm faca sinn, le gaoith, Na bataichean aotrom seoladh:

'Us chi sinn na beanntan a gleidheadh sneachd 's an t-samhraidh.

'Us chi sinn na h-aimhnichean boidheach.
O theid sinn, &c.

'Us chi sinn na glinn, mu'n ait' 's an d'rugadh sinn 'S am bitheadh sinn aotrom gorach;

'Us chi sinn na coilltean, le aighear is toil-inntinn 'S am bitheadh sinn a cluinntinn an smeorach.

O theid sinn, &c.

Again we'll view the places that we knew— The bay with boats in motion,

The mountains all sublime with their snow in summer time,

And rivers rolling down to the ocean.

Away, &c.

We'll see each ben, and bonnie, bonnie glen, And wander through the wild wood,

Where the thrush on leafy spray warbles all the live-long day,

Where we used to play in childhood.

Away, &c.

#### 28-LINN AN AIGH-THE HAPPY AGE.





Cha robh daoin' a' paidheadh màil; Orra cha robh càin no cìs— Iasgach, sealgach agus coill

Iasgach, sealgach agus coill Gun fhoighneachd aca 'us gun phrìs.

Cha robh cogadh, cha robh còmhstri; Cha robh cònnsachadh no streup ann; H-uile h-aon a' gabhail còmhnuidh Anns an t-seòl 'bu deòin leis fhéin e.

Cha robh guth air crich no tòir;

Bha gach dùil 'tigh'nn beò an sìth;

Feum 's am bith cha robh air mòd,

'Us lagh na còrach air a' chrìdh'.

Dh' òr no dh' airgiod cha robh miagh; Sògh 'us fialachd air gach làimh; Cha d' fhiosraich bochduinn duine riamh, Ni 's mò a dh' iarr neach riamh cuid chàich.

Bha caoimhneas, comunn, iochd 'us gràdh Anns gach àit am measg an t-sluaigh, Eadar far an d' éirich grian 'Us far an laidh i niar 's a chuain,

An uair bha Gàilig aig na h-eòin.

No tax or tribute used to fall
On honest men, nor any rent;
To hunt and fish was free to all,
And timber without price or stent.

There was no discord, war or strife,

For none were wronged and none oppressed;
But every one just led the life

And did the things that pleased him best.

All lived in peace, there was no sort
Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
There was no need for any court—
Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared,
Yet want and woe were never near;
All had enough, and richly fared,
And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread Among the people everywhere, From where the morning rises red To where the evening shineth fair,

When all the birds in Gaelic sang.

#### 29—CUIR A CHION DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

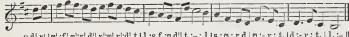




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thuairmeas, 'Giomachdfo'n chuach-chultha camagach tlà, Rinn deisead do phearsa nach fhacas a beauty and brightness and lightness in go - ing Under the bon - nie brown waves of thy hair,



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Do dhearc-shuilean glana, fo mhala gun ghruaimean,

'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d' ghràdh. Do ròs-bhilean tana, seimh, farasda suairce,

Sweetest and dear - est. fair

Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo lamh.

Thoir fuasgladh air m' anam, o'n cheangal is cruaidhe:

Cuimhnich air t'uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs; Na biodhams'a'm thràill dhuit gu bràth o an uair so; Ach tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tlàs.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal, air leabaidh an uaigneas,

'S m' aigne 'g a bhuaireadh dh' oidhche 's a là: Ach ainnir a's binne, 's a's grinne, 's a's suairce, Gabh-sa dhiom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming and gleaming, my

Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn, With passion have filled me, and thrilled me with pleasure;

Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

Thy charms are ensnaring, despairing I languish; Free me-remember how noble thou art;

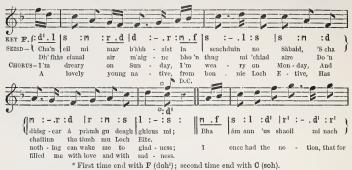
No longer enslave me but save me from anguish: Love, sweetest love-let it soften thine heart.

For me there's no sleeping; but weeping, griefladen.

Midnight and morning with sorrow I dwell; But, oh! should my sweetest and neatest young Pity and love me, I soon should be well, [maiden

A favourite Gaelic song. Translation by L. M. The chorus seems to have belonged to another song.

#### 30-A CHAILINN THA TAMH MU LOCH EITE-THE LASS BY LOCH ETIVE.







Aig coinnimh na h-òigridh 's ann chuir mi 'n ceud eòlas

Air an òg-chailinn choimhlionta, chiataich; 'Us cha tig e an gradaig a mhùchas an t-sradag A rinn ise fhadadh 'n am chliabh-sa.

Cha dùth dhomh bhi luaidh air na feartan thug buaidh orm,

'S a mhosgail bho shuaimhneas gu bròn mi— A gnùis fhoinnidh, fhlathail, a sùilean caoin, tairis,

A gnùis fhoinnidh, fhlathail, a sùilean caoin, tairis 'S a binn-bheul o 'm blasda thig còmhradh.

Is finealta, uasal a beus 'us a gluasad; Is ceanalta, suairce a nàdur;

'N a pearsa cho loinneil, 'n a deise cho sgoinneil— Cha 'n ioghnadh ged 's toigh leam a' ghràidheag.

'S e cuspair mo smaointean a latha 's a dh' oidhche A dh' fhoillseachadh seòl air bhi réidh rith',

'Chionn mur faigh mi a buannachd ri 'm bheò bidh mi truagh dheth,

Fo sgàil dhuibh gun suaimhneas gur èibhneas. At a young people's meeting I first got her greeting.

greeting,
This fair one for whom I am yearning,

And her loveliness threw some love sparks in my bosom,

That still are unquenchably burning.

The graces displayed in this charming young maiden

Are past all my powers of relation:

Her smile that entrances, her bright loving

Her artless and sweet conversation-

Each feature and gesture, each fold of her vesture, Each word and each motion discover

She's peerlessly pretty, wise, modest and witty— Dear lassie, no wonder I love her!

Both sleeping and waking my heart it is aching;
To win her esteem I'll endeavour;
And if my enslaver deny me her favour,

My life shall be clouded for ever.

New song by Mr M. Macfarlane; translation by L. M. The air is known as "Airidh nam badan."

#### 31—CRONAN—A LULLABY.









Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu, Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine; Goididh e gobhair 'us goididh e caoirich, Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean, Dean an cadalan beag 'na mo sgùrdaich; Rinn thu an cadalan 's dhùin do shùilean, Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu!

Thuit e 'na chadalan thuit e 'na shuainean; Cairisidh ainglean gu cairdeil mu'n cuairt da; Cluinnidh e'n guthan a cagar 'na chluasan, 'S bithidh fiamh-ghàire air gràdhan 'na bhruadar! Lullaby, little one, bonnie wee baby, He'll be a hero and fight for us maybe; Cattle and horses and sheep will his prey be: None will be bolder or braver than baby.

Softly and silently eyelids are closing; Dearest wee jewel, so gently he's dosing; Softly he's resting by slumber o'ertaken; Soundly he's sleeping and sweetly he'll waken,

Placidly, peacefully, slumber has bound him; Angels are lovingly watching around him— Beautiful spirits, his sorrow beguiling, Sweetly they whisper, and baby is smiling!

The three first verses of the Gaelic are relics of an old Lochaber hullaby.

#### 32-ORAN NA H-IUBILI-JUBILEE SONG.

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CHORUS.



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